THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Be Loved Boy.

BY MRS. C. H. WILLIAMS.

Why did she love him? curious fool be still,
Is reason ruler to the powers of mind?
Is it not oftentimes the passions will
That governs most the motions of the heart?

He loved her not, he only thought
To while a tedious hour away;
The maiden's wiles he never sought,
For she was poorer of the gay;
With her he came he'd half forgot,
Her's was the language of the heart,
And she was happy when they met.
His presence was her sunlight spot.

She greeted him with laughing eye,
While careless mirth was in her tone,
And none could tell—that heart and sigh
Imagined her desire when he was gone
Alas! she found he loved her not.
(The tale of this and truth aware)
His heart fell cold to know her lot,
But not its hopeless pangs to bear.

Her blooming cheek grew wan and pale,
Her form like drooping lily pined,
He saw her strength and spirits fail,
And learned some happier hour to find.
At length in mirth'her form she crowned,
Pardoning among the rest he sighed.
When wondering others asked the kind,
That of a broken heart she died.

Oreo in his breast a flame had burn'd,
He sought a maiden's love at length,
Soon'd—and his heart to no last turn'd,
It was not there, nor was it fixed.
And here, those are thy strange decrees,
We seek most prize we should not gain,
Despise the heart obtained with ease.
Fixing our hopes — where hope is vain.

VOL. I. 1.

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The Fatal Kiss.

BY A. TORRINI.

Mr.—I have died the dead—Did it thou not hear a voice?
Lady M.—I heard an owl scream.

How often does it happen, that while engaged in scorning one misfortune, another of more fearful magnitude unites the unhesitated purpose, and to convince us that we are never so secure, but what some evil can visit us. The exclusives of life are never so well guarded by a protecting spirit, nor are we so encased in impenetrable armor, but what some evil spirit stalks in our pathway, to lure us astray, or some shaft, barbed and poisoned, pierces the thick coating of our seeming protection, to show us that we are hopelessly destitute of aught in which Heaven is pleased to invest, or its mercy, seems to cover us. What are we—the boasted beings of reason? The Ephemera of Time. We glitter for a moment in the sunshine we float awhile, in the mazes of pleasure, and then are gone forever! Like the vivid lance of the lightning on some dark embankment of cloud — our progress is as rapid, but our limited is our era. Our judgment is ever fleeted in error, so that we never can with certainty foretell the future. But Heaven in Fancy, the maiden of the ether lake, and the stars of the stormy sea, she leads on with a silken cord in her rambles by magic fountains, and bids that glances in her eyes, shows that she is much! I fear her! I fear her she been kind to her votaries—and if she leads them astray, it is among green fields when bubbling waters and their cooling streams are near.

Alice—the creature of the present sketch, was the only daughter of Stephen Longley, a wealthy planter of ——, in the State of South Carolina. At an early age her mother—the child's best friend, died, and her nurse became her only confidant. It is true, the second mother had much in her character that was noble, and was possessed of an uncommon share of good sense: but Alice was young, and the first maternal pressure to be good impressions she had received while young, and which alone must beautifully in her actions, when she became a woman, and entered the world. So entirely was he absorbed in worldly pursuits, and so taken up with the business of settling dollar to dollar, to his already immense wealth, that he scarcely had a spare moment, to devote to his child. He was an unsteadfast, in wealth, but not so much in rank. He would not allow that mind should control in matters in this true of feeling, among the great. Never was mortal more mistaken habitually, than was Stephen Longley, in the universe he made from his life. He had but one way of thinking. He could not receive in his mind two opposite ideas. He was in the world to thought a mere blank, and in the amelioration of the condition of his fellow beings, he took no share. Selfishness of the worst kind actuated his every movement,—Not so that daughter. She was full of generous feeling and her every motion, was in harmony with the chaste and beautiful things of earth. She was indeed a lovely being, but not long lovely for the world. Every thought, every feeling was generous and disinterested.

Her eighteenth year formed a fatal epoch in the history of Alice Longley. She was all life then. Every thing she did, was done, as if her soul was full of joy. From the glorious stream from her face, one could almost see the happiness resting in the heart. She possessed every thing that the most fastidious lover would wish to see embodied in the object of his affection. The face was varied in expression, and without the fear of caste. The high brow was the residence of a mind active, and strong. Indeed, every one felt at once that Alice was a creature formed above the lot of some noble being like herself. Full of sentiment, and always cheerful in her constant endeavor was to make those around her happy. In her intercourse with society, she so conducted herself, as to win the admiration of all. She alloyed their prejudices, not dogmatically, but by soft persuasion. Her mein would have been a study for painters, and her voice was the sweetest music, in harmony with the chaste and beautiful things of earth. She was indeed a lovely being, but not long lovely for the world. Every thought, every feeling was generous and disinterested.

Julius Maxwell loved Alice as a virtuous woman should be loved. His passion was deep, strong and abiding. He loved her because she was gentle. He loved her because she was beautiful. But more than all, he loved her for her purity, so sweet and angelike. They both loved — yet her father had never suspected their intimacy, or they would have been separated. Alas! for the day when he should discover their love.

Meanwhile the affections of those two young beings daily increased. Thrown constantly into each other's society how could they but live on with constantly increasing affection? In the little social meetings of their neighbors, in their stroll together to and fro from church, in their evening walks [illegible] the slightest movement, or even changing those sentiments, whose expression was to the lovers a happiness no tongue can utter. And as they grazed up to the stars in their idea-ship above, and thought of the far off realms concealed in those azure depths, where love was the throne of the blest inhabitants, their mutual affection took a less earthly cast, and breathed then ever, and such as can never visit angel except a first love.

A wealthy planter by the name of Robert Willson lived a near neighbor to Stephen Longley, and was his confidant in almost every thing. They both had sons of like talents, and possibly the same cause that predicted set error in one, influenced the other. In the day time they were inseparable from companions, and often at nights they were found together, musing it in council, or devising some new way to spend the morrow. Both were widowers; and were blessed, each with an only child. Willson had but a son, and had inheritied all of his father's blood—while Alice partook in a large degree, of a mother's amiability. Before children in the families were grown, the two fathers had resolved to unite their offspring. They did not understand, nor could they, how the [illegible] which Heaven in its mercy, sends

short time, and suffering the curtain to fall into its former position, hid his head upon the pillow again.

"I'm dreaming," thought Richard, "that's clear. When I went to bed, my hands were not made of egg-shells; and now I can shoot with them. If I thought I'd this is not a dream, I have woke up by mistake in an Arabian Night, instead of a London one. But I have no doubt I'm asleep. Yes, that I am."

Here the small servant had another cough.

"Very remarkable!" thought Mr. Swiveller. "I never dreamt such a real cough as that, before. I don't know, indeed, that I ever dreamt either cough or a sneeze. Perhaps it's part of the phlebotomy of dreams that one never does. There's another—and another—and another—I'm dreaming rather fast."

For the purpose of testing his real condition, Mr. Swiveller, after some reflection, pinched himself in the arm.

"Queerer still!" he thought. "I came to bed rather plum than otherwise, and now there's nothing to lay hold of. I'll take another survey."

The result of this further inspection was, to convince Mr. Swiveller that the objects by which he was surrounded were real, and that he saw them, beyond all question, with his waking eyes.

"It's an Arabian Night, that's what it is," said Richard. "I'm in Desmarais or Grand Cairo. The Marchioness is in Greece, and having had a wager with another Genie, about who is the handsomest young man alive, and the assertion to be the undoubted of the Princess of Chilan, has brought me away, room and all, to compare us together. Pretty hope," said Mr. Swiveller, turning languidly upon upon his pillow, and looking on that side of his bed which was next the wall, "the Princess unanimously small—No, she's gone."

Not feeling quite satisfied with this explanation, as, even talking it to the the correct one, it still involved a little mystery and doubt, Mr. Swiveller raised the curtain again, determined to take the first favorable opportunity of addressing his companion. An occasion was presented itself. The Marchioness took, turned up a drawer, and omitted to take the usual advantage upon which Mr. Swiveller called out as loud as he could—"Two for the Bank."

The Marchioness jumped up quickly, and clapped her hands. "Arabian Night, certainly," thought Mr. Swiveller. "—they always clap their hands instead of ringing the bell. Now for the two black slaves, with jars of jewels on their heads.

It appeared, however, that she had only clapped her hands as joy; her directly afterward, she began to laugh, and clasp it, and continue to be the most delightful, she didn't know what to do."

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, thoughtfully, "he pleased to draw nearer. First of all, will you have the goodness to inform me where I shall find my voice; and secondly, what has become of my flesh?"

The Marchioness only shook her head mysteriously, and cried again; whereupon Mr. Swiveller being very weak, felt his own eyes filling somewhat wise.

"I begin to infer, from your manner, and these appearances, Marchioness,"—said Richard, after a pause, and smiling with a trembling lip, "that I have been ill."

"You just have "" replied the small servant, wiping her eyes. "And haven't you been a little long sensation?"

"Oh!" said Dick. "Very ill, Marchioness, have I been?"

"Dread, all but," replied the small servant. "I never thought you'd get better. Thank heaven you have!"

Mr. Swiveller was silent for a long while. Bye and bye, he began to talk again—inquiring how long he had been there.

"Three weeks to-morrow," replied the small servant.

"Three what?" said Dick.

"Weeks," returned the Marchioness emphatically. "—three long, slow, weeks."

The bare thought of having been in such extremity, caused Richard to fall into another silence, and to lie flat down again at his full length. The Marchioness, having arranged the bed-clothes more comfortably, and felt his hands and forehead were quite cool—a discovery that filled her with delight—rested a little more, and then made some broth or gruel by getting tea ready, and making some thin gruel.

While she was thus engaged, Mr. Swiveller looked on with a grateful heart, very much astonished to see how thoroughly at home she made herself, and attributing this attraction, in its origin, to Sally Brass, whom, in his own mind, he could not stomach enough. When the Marchioness had finished her toasting, she spread a clean cloth on a tray, and brought him: one crisp slice and a cup and saucer of weak tea, with which (for said) the doctor had left word he might refresh himself when he awoke. As he propped him up with pillows, it not as skilful as if she had been a professional character—and as light as tense as tenderly; and looked on with unutterable satisfaction while the patient—stopping every now and then to shake her by the hand—took his repast mean with an appetite and relish, which the greatest flatterer of the earth, under any circumstances, would have failed to provoke. Having cleared away, and disposed everything within sight about him, she sat down at the table to take her own tea.

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "how's Sally?"

The small servant screwed her face into an expression of the very uttermost entanglement of sly-ness, and shook her head.

"What, hasn't you once been lately ?" said Dick.

"Once her!" cried the small servant. "Hem you! No such time."

Mr. Swiveller immediately laid himself down again quite flat, and so remained for about five minutes. He slow degrees he resumed his sitting posture after that time, and inquired

"And where do you live, Marchioness ?"

"Lost" cried the small servant. "Here—and Mr. Swiveller. And with that he fell down flat again, as suddenly as if he had been shot. Thinking rightly that this was a good plan, and as they seemed to be moving away, and I was about to stop any longer, I went down stairs again.—Then

The small servant had gradually worked herself into so much agitation as Mr. Swiveller, and therefore made no effort to restrain him when he sat up in bed and hastily dressed himself—which he had been told to anybody.

"How could it be !" replied his nurse. "I was almost afraid to think about it, and hoped the young man would be let. If. When I heard 'em say they'd be a curiosity, and Sally hadn't did'nt do, you was gone, and so was the ledger—though I think I saw the paper: I wouldn't swear—and him, and I, and I'm sure I was in the presence of the New York Common Council. The appearance of the locomotive is that of a locomotive engine, and is over thirteen feet in length—in each engine (the steam by machinery and flinging it to the other end of the room: "if you'll do me the favor to enter for a few minutes and see what sort of a night it is, I'll go up.—

"You mustn't think of such a thing," cried her master.

"I must indeed," said the patient, looking round the room, "and be off directly. Where's my clothes?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Swiveller, in great astonishment.

"Where's my clothes?" said Dick.

"Why you see," returned the small servant, nodding "when you was gone, I hadn't no friend at all, and the Lodger he never come back, and I didn't know where either him or you was to be found, you know. But not meaning, when I was

"Was sent a keyhole?" suggested Mr. Swiveller, observing the fullness.

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"This poor little Marchioness has been wearing herself to death!" cried Dick.

"No I haven't," she returned, "not a bit of it. Don't you mind about me. I like sitting up, and I've often had a sleep, since you, to one of them chairs. But if you could have heard how they sang out o' winder, and if you could have heard how you used to keep on singing and making speeches, you wouldn't have thought as I'd be long for this world. Mr. Liverer

"Lowther, indeed !" said Dick thoughtfully. "It's well I see a friend. I strongly suspect I should have died, sometimes, but for you."

At this point, Mr. Swiveller took the small servant's hand in his again, and being, as we have seen, both grateful and affectionate, he expressed his thanks here made use his eyes as well as here, but that she quickly changed the theme by making him lie down, and urging him to keep very quiet.

"Don't mention," she said hast. "and you must be kept quiet child, and there must be no more out talking. Now, take a rest, and then we'll talk again. I'll sit by you, you know. If you shut your eyes, perhaps you'll go to sleep. You'll be all the better for it, if you do."

The Marchioness, in saying these words, brought a little table to the bedside, took her seat at it, and began to work away at the concoction of some cooling drink, with the relishes of a nurse of chemistry. Richard Swiveller, being indeed fatigued, fell into a slumber, and waking in about half an hour, inquired what time it was.

"Just gone half after six," replied his small friend, lighting him to sit up again.

"Marchioness," said Richard, passing his hand over his forehead and tossing restlessly round, to relieve the subject but that moment finished upon him, "what has become of Sir?"

He had been sentenced to transportation for a great many years, she said.

"How to goes?" asked Dick—to his mother-in-law, or, what has become of her?"

His mere shook her head, and answered that she knew nothing about them. "Well, then," said she, very slowly, "that you'd keep quiet, and not put yourself into another fever, I could tell you something."

"Yes, do," said Dick. "It would amuse me."

Oh! it would be enough to amuse anybody, certain, with a horrible look, "if I knew any but that. With all your pains to them I'll tell you.

Dick looked very earnestly at his little friend; and after a short consideration, gave his promise not to be excited.

"Then," replied the small servant.

"Then," said Dick, "proceed." pursued Dick hastily "Conversations between Brass and Sally "

"Yes," cried the small servant eagerly.

Richard Swiveller thrust his head out of bed, and gasping her by the wrist and drawing her down to his side, bade her out with it, and really too, or he would not answer for the consequences; being already much excited by the prospect of a mystery and expectation. She, seeing that he was greatly agitated, and that the effects of postponing her revelation might be much more injurious than any that were likely to ensue from its being made at once, complied, and (but for the efforts of Richard to keep himself perfectly quiet, and abstained from jumping up or loosing about) at all

"But if you begin to do that," said the small servant, "I'll leave off. And as I tell you

"You can't leave off till you have gone on," said Dick. "And do go on, there's a darling. Speak, sister, speak. Pretty Polly say—Oh tell me, tell me, and let me where, pray Marchioness, I beseech you.

Unable to resist these fervent adjurations, which Richard Swiveller poured out so passionately as if there had been a dozen of them, the small and tremendous nature his compassion spoke thus:

"Well! Before I tell you where, I used to sleep in the kitchen—where we played cards, you know. Miss Sally wouldn't have me sleep in the kitchen—but in her pocket, and she always came down at night to take away the candle and rake out the fire. When she had done that, and got me to go to bed in the dark, locked the door on the outside, put the key in her pocket again, and kept me locked up all day, she came down in the morning—very early I can tell you—and let me out. I was afraid of being left long there, because if there was a fire, I thought they might forget me and only take care of themselves, you know. So whenever I see an old rusty key anywhere, I picked it up and tried if it would fit the door, and so hoarded. But it is not better to excuse the commonwealth from impending distraction by sacrificing a portion of our income, than to see her disgraced, wretched, abandoned by all and unable to borrow a dollar in any emergency. Yet such will—such must be the result if no provision is made to meet the interest on her enormous debt.

We shall not ask how her finances became reduced to their present deplorable condition, for such an enquiry is wholly foreign to the matter in hand. We shall only discuss the remedy to be adopted. That one is found, a poor physician who wastes the little he should employ to prescribe for his patient, in idly enquiring how the sufferer contracted the disease. In the crisis of her distress, the matter little avails if the old remain to save his lumps—at the height of the battle the general looks at nothing but the triumph yet to be achieved.

How then is the state debt to be discharged? Not by future loans! for they only increase the burden, and are the unavailing feeble cries of the sinking wretch, who, in the last struggle, throws in a still-pond, swell the current until it breaks down every restraint, and sweeps away in one common ruin. Not by direct taxation! for it is impossible to create a duty so enormous as to produce the requisite sum, from our hearts, the man who has not the patriotism to sacrifice a few dollars in such a cause.

In this country we scarcely know what taxation is, for our governments do not cast a tithe of those of Europe. Blessed with a constitution, the wisest liberal upon the globe, we enjoy under it comparatively for its inestimable provisions. It is time that we were more sensible of the real value of our freedom. We do not mean by this to advocate a costly government and consequently heavy taxes, but we wish to inculcate the duty of every one to give cheerfully of his quota to liquidate the debt he has, by his own representatives in the legislature, created. A man may object with some show of reason to the imposit of still willed monarchs, but that the citizen of a republic, who is himself a sovereign and the author of the laws, should refuse to pay a tax to free the country from debt, is absurd, disgraceful and unjust.

A Steam Fire Engine.

The corporation of New York has procured to be constructed a steam fire-engine, which is said to be a curiosity, and to be the best for throwing water with vast force. On Saturday last it was tried in the presence of the New York Common Council. The appearance of the machine is that of a locomotive engine, and is over thirteen feet in length—in each engine (the steam by machinery and flinging it to the other end of the room: "if you'll do me the favor to enter for a few minutes and see what sort of a night it is, I'll go up.—

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Subscribers Wanted.

Our subscribers in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, will please observe, that our Philadelphia agents William A. Pierce, and James Pierce, are now out on a collecting tour, with their pockets well lined with bills. The favour will oblige the proprietors, and the latter in their turn, and we hope that the subscribers of the Post and Magazine in both States, will be prepared to receive them handsomely.

Maryland and Delaware.

Richard H. Smith is about to visit Mary and and Delaware on a collecting tour. Our subscribers will please be ready to give him an appropriate welcome. We are sure he will be ready with the news, we hope that they will not be behind with the cash.

☞ F. A. Gonzeo, travelling agent for some of the periodicals, will oblige us by stating when he may be found.

A State Tax.

We rejoice to see that men of all parties, discarding their peculiar issues, are coming to the conclusion that a state tax is the only way to meet the credit of our commonwealth, and that unnecessary should instantly be taken to raise by direct taxation not only a sufficient sum to pay the annual interest of the debt, but a sufficient surplus to create a sinking fund that shall eventually buy up the whole of the outstanding stock. This is what we have long needed. The address of the freemen of Pennsylvania which has been lately published in our city, and which is signed by most of our principal citizens without distinction of party, is, so far forth as it recommends taxation, a document worthy of the attention of all those who think of the ability of being

Taxation, we know, is unpopular, and the reason is self-evident. Men cannot endure that their property should be touched. But is it not better to rescue the commonwealth from impending dishonor by sacrificing a portion of our income, than to see her disgraced, wretched, abandoned by all and unable to borrow a dollar in any emergency. Yet such will—such must be the result if no provision is made to meet the interest on her enormous debt.

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At this point, Mr. Swiveller took the small servant's hand in his again, and being, as we have seen, both grateful and affectionate, he expressed his thanks here made use his eyes as well as here, but that she quickly changed the theme by making him lie down, and urging him to keep very quiet.

"Don't mention," she said hast. "and you must be kept quiet child, and there must be no more out talking. Now, take a rest, and then we'll talk again. I'll sit by you, you know. If you shut your eyes, perhaps you'll go to sleep. You'll be all the better for it, if you do."

The Marchioness, in saying these words, brought a little table to the bedside, took her seat at it, and began to work away at the concoction of some cooling drink, with the relishes of a nurse of chemistry. Richard Swiveller, being indeed fatigued, fell into a slumber, and waking in about half an hour, inquired what time it was.

"Just gone half after six," replied his small friend, lighting him to sit up again.

"Marchioness," said Richard, passing his hand over his forehead and tossing restlessly round, to relieve the subject but that moment finished upon him, "what has become of Sir?"

Daughter and Affecting Incident.

By the fifth foreign arrival, we find in the Boston Courier the following affecting incident, which recently happened at sea.

"On Sunday afternoon, the 6th inst. thermometer, (lat. 39°, 48' north, and long. 69°, 34' west,) the ship Yorick, (U.S.) Captain Hall, from Gibraltar and Tyrrell, (13,)—the two former fishermen's wives were conversing themselves with an observation of the sun, at fourthwrough, in a small boat about thirteen feet long, which was hoisted out over our and a small sail. The little fellows soulded themselves out to a distance of a few miles from the ship, when, suddenly, a squall struck the ship, causing out in a boat to fetch them back again, they hoisted their small sail, and, the wind blowing off shore, they soon found themselves unfortunately carried out a further distance to sea. To their inexpressible grief the land at length entirely disappeared, and, after making several fruitless efforts to regain the shore, darkness put a stop to all further endeavors, and a strong gale of wind forced them to a still greater distance on the ocean. When the morning returned, not a speck of land could be discerned, and no sail bore in sight. The situation of the three boys were became dreadfully distressing, as not one of them knowing how to make land, and not a single mouthful of provisions or draught of water being stowed in the bottom of their little craft. Fortunately, the eldest boy, Denis, full sick, and continued in that state the whole of the day. The two others, however, were not long deprived of the use from a watery grave. The feelings of their poor parents and friends on above all this time can be better imagined than described, as they never them proved futile. Tuesday morning dawned, and, after straining their eyes the whole of the day in search of a sail, or land, and wearying themselves with fruitless toil, night again came on, and the three poor little fellows, overcome with fatigue, hunger, and benumbed with cold, laid themselves down in the bottom of the boat, and left themselves to the mercy of the wind and waves. On awaking in the morning, they found that a sail had been descried during Denis, dead. The little distressed mariners described this as the worst of all. Fortunately, the ship, all hands on board, was steering for the port, and they passed over with still less hope of deliverance. Wednesday night approached, but no friendly hand was extended to save them from the painful miseries, who, with the lifeless corpse of their companion, continued to float upon the waters. Thursday morning found the sufferers in the afternoon of Thursday they descried a sail in the distance, and with eyes filled with tears they beheld a ship leaning towards them. She proved to be the Yorick, Captain Hall, from Gibraltar. The captain immediately took the two boys on board his own vessel. They were in a dreadful state of suffering, and were not tasted food since Sunday afternoon. While the poor little fellows were being received in the Dutch vessel, they perceived some of the sailors about to throw the body of their companion overboard. With affecting accents they brought their deliverers to let them have the dead body of Denis to take back with them to Scarborough to his friends; but their entreaties were followed by a heavy splash in the water, and the body of their poor companion Sabertson's boy was lost from their sight. The captain of the vessel and the whole crew behaved with the greatest kindness to the boys; and, upon the vessel reaching Amsterdam, they forwarded their charge to London, from whence the two adventurous youths set out for Hull, and, to the inexpressible joy of their distressed and agonized parents, they arrived in Scarborough on Wednesday evening."

The Death Bender.

We noticed, last week, the invention of a "sure projectile" of unfailing certainty, but our space did not permit us to go at large into the subject—No description of the instrument has yet appeared, in this country, only a brief and imperfect account of an experiment made with this terrible engine of destruction. The effect produced on that occasion is described as wonderful to be sure—but the history of destructive power controlled by man.—The following is the account of the Times.

"The Death Bender.—A target was placed in a large sheet of water; the boat had been the day before filled in with solid timber, 4½ feet in depth, crossed in every direction, and clamped together with iron bolts and screws. A gun, a gentlemen who witnessed the experiment, were on Saturday rowed in a punt to the vessel, and the gun was discharged at the target. The effect might be removed as to the cause of destruction being external, and not from the springing of any internal bolt. Then they whispered and their positions, on a signal from the inventor, the boat was set in motion, and struck just shall but with tremendous force and instantaneously crashed to a thousand fragments. At the moment of collision the water parted, and presented to the eye of cot information the appearance of a huge bowl, while the vessel which was lifted up in the air like a huge fountain from which the shattered fragments of many hundred feet, the shattered fragments of the vessel, which fell shall many of them several hundred yards distance in the adjacent fields. One instrument examined many pieces, and found that huge nails snapped like carrots; the most broken like a tree riven by lightning.

"How this mighty effect was produced was of course not disclosed to so numerous a party, but the naval officers present were perfectly aware of the mode of operation, and the inventor offered to go into details confidentially with one or two of the distinguished officers present. In answer to a question from Sir Henry Hardinge, the inventor stated that without a battering train he could transport on a mule's back the means of destroying the largest first-rate in existence. In the absence of these tremendous powers it placed before a desk, and the inventor asserts these to be sufficient to destroy the largest ship in the world. Our informant has had an opportunity of observing, he believes to be really the case. The inventor stated that he was ready to repeat it on Saturday, filling into the air a boat weighing two and a half tons, and filled in with five and a half tons of solid timber, and declaring at least 1½ tons of water, was only 10lbs. weight. Our informant has handled it and kicked it round a room when charged with its deadly contents, so much so that it could be deduced to a mere point of vast importance, when we remember the daily accidents that are occurring from the detonating shells now used in naval service."

The Medical Case.

By a letter to the Public Ledger, dated Lockport, March 23rd, we learn that the case of Mc. Leod is progressing. The writer says—

"Presuming you may wish to learn something of the case of McLeod, I write to inform you, that he was arraigned yesterday before the Circuit Judge, and pleaded not guilty. Messrs. Gardner & Bradley, moved for leave to apply to the Supreme Court for rule to change the venue to Monroe county, on the ground that an impartial trial could not be had in this, which was granted. A commission was also granted to take testimony to be taken in Canada and elsewhere.

The time and place of trial is not known and cannot be, till after the decision of the Supreme Court upon the motion to change the venue. It is expected the case will be tried in one of the Eastern counties, perhaps Albany, and that Chief Justice Nelson will preside, and that the Attorney General, Willis Hall, will assist in the prosecution.

The people of the frontier counties are very sensitive—and little movements of our public functionaries create excitement. A few days ago a company of United States troops was moved from Buffalo to Lewistown, in this county, and there upon Madam Rumor reported that fifteen hundred troops had arrived under the command of General Scott, to protect the frontiers from an expected invasion from Canada to rescue McLeod. But let me tell you, McLeod is as safe under the Sheriff's guard as if the whole army of the United States were stationed here."

Letter from Rio De Janeiro.

The brig Mary, of Baltimore, brings advices from Rio to the 27th ult. Capt. Lovering, the master, we have received files of papers of that city to the 5th of February, from which the following items are translated.

Direful disturbances had occurred at Bahia at the election for members of the general Legislature. Some were lost and much disorder prevailed. The Count de Lages, Marshal Fernandez Chaves, late Brazilian charge, in this country, had arrived at Rio in the Falmouth Packet.

The body of the late Emperor Pedro had been brought to Rio by the French steamer "Tonnere."

Dom Lavalle's party gave his cause up as lost.

The Indians in the Grande Fedo Province of St. Catherine; fears were entertained that the Province of St. Paul's might share the same fate, in consequence of which the Governor had called out the militia of the latter province to aid the regular force.

There were rumors of a revolution in Paraguay against the existing Government, the object of which was to call a general Congress.

Gen. Hunter, the U. S. charge, had addressed a note to the Imperial Government, expressing his thanks for the ready and valuable exertions of the Brazilian Navy in behalf of the U. S. ship Marion. He also intimated that a vessel of the commission might be granted to Capt. Long, of the corvette Boston, to erect a temporary observatory at Rio, for the purpose of making observations for correction of chronometers, which was granted.

The Montevideo Government had convoked the Chambers for the 15th of December last, for the only purpose of taking into consideration the effects which directly or indirectly concern "the defence and safety of the Republic." This spoke volumes for the state of affairs there, and coincided with Gen. Rosas. This general had placed himself at the head of the Buenos Ayreas army, and Gen. Rivera, the Montevidean army, was acting as Governor of the Republic, and in their capacity had sent his message to the 20th Legislature, which met on the

Agricultural Statistics.

The following statistics, taken from the returns of the Marshals, by whom the late census was taken, will prove of interest to our readers. It appears from these returns, that the State of New York is behind Pennsylvania in the production of rye—the former having 2,926,000 bushels annually; while it excels Pennsylvania in the production of rye over 2,000,000 bushels, of Indian corn 5,000,000 bushels, of wheat 2,000,000 bushels, of buckwheat 300,000 bushels, of barley 2,300,000, of potatoes 21,000,000 bushels, wool nearly 1,000,000 pounds, hay nearly 2,000,000 tons, sugar over 9,000,000 pounds, and of products of the dairy over 40,000,000. In the production of wheat, Ohio exceeds Pennsylvania about 3,000,000 bushels, and New York is about 11 millions of bushels behind New York in that article. In indian corn, Tennessee takes the lead of all the States, producing 61 millions of bushels yearly, North Carolina 34½ millions of bushels, Virginia about 34 millions of bushels, Illinois 30 millions, Michigan, 17 millions, Alabama 18 millions, Missouri 15 millions, Pennsylvania 13½ millions, and New York 10 millions.—Of sugar, New York produces 2,000,000, Pennsylvania 146,418, Ohio 1,000,312. Of sheep New York has 5,381,245, Pennsylvania 3,926,431, Ohio 1,964,527, Vermont 1,303,420, Virginia 1,290,784, and Maine 1,200,000. Of cattle, New York and Vermont lead the other States nearly two to one; the former being to the amount of 1,732,324, the latter 1,107,567. In 1840, Mississippi bears the palm, producing yearly 289,638,918 pounds, Alabama 246,372,652 pounds, South Carolina 220,000,000 pounds, Georgia 322,755 pounds, Louisiana 87,649,185 pounds, Virginia 19,767,451 pounds. Of tobacco, Maryland produces annually 20,000,000 pounds, Ohio 6,000,000 pounds, Tennessee 26,700,000 pounds, Missouri 9,500,000 pounds and Indiana near 2,000,000 pounds.

A Liberal Institution.

The tendency of the age is forward. Even the quibbling of the law is giving way to liberality and common sense. Formerly an act of a foreign legislature had to be proved under the seal of the nation, ofbo as much as a law of the United States. Now, a simple notice, in a newspaper, is sufficient. A case of this kind occurred last week in a case in the District Court where the United States were prosecutors against certain imported glass ware.

The District Attorney offering to read certain acts of Parliament, procured from the official printer to the House of Commons, was objected to by a British subject, and to flatly settling the Eastern and all other boundary disputes, would doubtless be Stopford and Napier, with a squadron of merchant-war. They may now be spared from the Mediterranean, where there is no more work to do, and sent to the coast of Upper Canada where work, if allowed, regulate the articles of peace, better to be kept hereafter, in New York city itself, as they should before the surrender of New York Bankers and brigands from Navy Island and the Canadian shores."

The Next Congress.

The following is the political character of members already chosen:

	Whigs.	Van Buren.
Maine,	6	1
New Hampshire,	0	5
Vermont,	5	0
Massachusetts,	11	0
New York,	19	21
New Jersey,	6	0
Pennsylvania,	13	15
Ohio,	17	1
Michigan,	1	0
South Carolina,	1	8
Delaware,	1	0
Georgia,	9	0
Louisiana,	7	1
Alabama,	0	7
Missouri,	0	2
Total,	84	63

Berkshire Notice.

This broad appears to be the aristocracy of the hog-yard at the present time. They are a large well made breed, of good length, height, and depth, with a fine bone, small cute, and very little offal compared with other hogs of the same size. Their color seems to be an objection in the eyes of many, it being quite a shining black, or a bronze black, with white feet. Somehow or other, the taste of the New Englanders and the old Dutch, in this respect, seems to be the same. They seem to be dramatically opposite. They fancy white or roan cattle and black hogs. The Britishsupposed it to be the same with the Irish. We perceived no more in proceeding northward."

Hops for the Blind.

In the Franklin Institutes in this city, says the North American, hangs a hop, grown by Mr. Tanner for the use of the Blind. It is a curious production, as all the intellectual preparations to the cultivation of those have ever been. The ordinary map of the United States, and the boundary lines and rivers and chief cities are sunk in relief, and some tolerable substance. Strips of cloth are placed upon the state lines, and circular pieces are put upon the chief cities. When used as applied to the rivers and it becomes dry, the principal features of the country and the States are easily traced by the fingers of the benighted scholar. This is not the only curious and interesting object to be seen in that fruitful institution, which by the by, is one of the best in this city, and one which has done much to improve and enlarge the mechanical genius and scientific talent of Pennsylvania.

From Texas.

The Orleans papers to the 30th inst have come to hand, containing news from Galveston and Houston to the 16th inst. Gen. Samuel Houston has been nominated by a public meeting in Galveston for the Presidency: There does not appear to be anything else very interesting from the seat of war. The Houston Morning Star, of the 16th, gives the following paragraph, which information the editor gets from Gen. M. Hunt, directly from the West:

"The trade at San Antonio is now principally done by Mexicans, who purchase goods there for Mexico or from Laredo and thereabouts, upon the lower part of the Rio Grande, have been the only visitors to that city, since the bands of Sefiorita has of some months past obstructed, by violence and robbery, almost all communication between San Antonio and the lower country. Here, we learn, that Mexicans from Lampasas and other towns, higher up the river, come directly to San Antonio for merchandize. A large amount of this valuable trade has lately come in, and lots of hard dollars have been left by the traders. The idea of war appears to be given up, and the only apprehension entertained of danger, is from the roving bands of disappointed federalists, who, enraged because the stipulated payment of their claims for services in the Texian Revolution, has not been made, and themselves the management of the matter, and exact payment from every Mexican who is so unfortunate as to fall into their hands.

Powers the Sculptors.

We learn that this gifted young American is pursuing his art in Florence with eminent success, and withal with an enthusiasm which is devoted to excellence.

His busts are spoken of by good and impartial judges as quite equal to those of any sculptor in Italy. At present Mr. Powers is engaged upon an original work. The subject is Eve just before she tastes the forbidden fruit. She holds the apple in her right hand raised to a level with the shoulder and a little on one side. The face is inclined towards this object, and is expressive of desire and admiration. The left hand falls by the side and holds some of the ramie fruit,—as Eve gave it to Adam also. The hair is parted on the forehead and passing over the ears falls in wavy masses upon the neck, and is confined in front with a cluster of flowering plants. Partly circling her feet and partly concealed by the shrubbery, the serpent coils. Such is the conception of the artist. Besides this statue, Mr. Powers has two other designs which he will execute. One is a Greek Slave—and the other a Turkish maiden exposed for sale to the gaze of the bidders. We are happy to mention these the enthusiastic and excellent efforts of American genius to the highest achievements of art. It needs but a little proper encouragement, to make our country as distinguished for its progress in the fine, as she now is in mechanic arts.

Philadelphia Mops.

Most of the vessels built at our port, for the Navy, have been remarkable for their speed. We have noticed their superior sailing when chiefly from the model, at least we should imagine so, from the trials made in going to Rio Janeiro, between the Dale and Yorktown sloops of war, the former built here, and the latter at Norfolk. The vessels are of different models, and in every case the Dale proved the swifter craft. A letter from one of her officers says:

"The Dale thus far proves a fine ship. She sterns with great ease, requiring at no time more than a spoke at the wheel.

"It is admitted by all the officers on board of both ships, that the Dale beats the Yorktown fully. On one occasion both ships were by the lee hours together, under precisely the same sail; that is, courses, topsails, top-gallant sails, royals, jib, and spankers; and in that time the Dale beat the Yorktown, one hour out of the six."

The Dale keeps ahead of the Yorktown, with her head on the topsails, and no steering sails—the Yorktown requiring them. She has left out, the ship run by the log, 345 miles."

War with England.

We last week gave an extract from one of the London papers, showing the views on the subject of a war between the United States and Britain. Its temperate tone is not, however, adopted by all its contemporaries. Some of them are full of "pot valor." Their modesty is astonishing. The London Courier talks thus:

"It is clearly a force to talk of peace with a nation of which the people, which cannot, it will not, force the peace against miserable bodies of rioters, or cause the laws to be respected at home, but which is at the same time ready to declare war against the government of the Governor he having been elected by a majority of 1,000 votes. The immediate establishment in Monmouthshire engraving by the people, from a plate of Lansdowne, and three pages of Music; attendance sufficient to wait every one desire to present at 37, E. Gaskette."

"Graham's Magazine, for April, is just out, and in a very good number. The articles in it are the continuation of Cooper's novel—the story of "Our Set"—"Unequally Yoked," by Rev. S. Kennedy—"Self Devotion," by Mrs. Hewitt—"Lucy Temple," by E. A. Poe—"The Reefer of '76"—"The Outlaw Lover," by J. H. Manners—"Sketches of Character," by Mrs. Moore. Sports and Pastimes, and a Review of New Books. The Magazine appears to be in a very flourishing condition, and is without blemish."—*Public Ledger.*

"Graham's Magazine for April is first in order. This splendid periodical which always starts with a bang, increases, in unusually rich, both in its embellishment, and the high character of its original matter, for the month. Edgar A. Poe, Esq. long and favorably known to the public as a writer, has become connected with the management. This is an acquisition to its interest. Mr. Poe's article, "The Reefer of '76," entitled "The Comet," is one of Burton's greatest productions, and will be read deeply by many readers. Never, we think, have comparison with the most splendid engravings in the English Annuals, been more triumphantly or more beautifully colored, and is without blemish."—*Weekly Dispatch of N. Y.*

"Graham's Magazine.—This Magazine for April has come to hand this week with

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Postmasters are requested to act as agents for this paper, as well as to obtain the payment in advance.

Remitting Agents.

17 John H. Thompson, Esq., of Wheeling, Va. has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Gentleman's Magazine in the place of R. I. Gilchrist, deceased. Subscribers at that place and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical will be kind enough to call on him.

17 I. E. Eaton is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Bone and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and our agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by acting with them.

17 Thos. Morris, Esq. is our travelling agent for the State of New York, for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, and subscribers upon whom he may call and, will oblige us by acting with him.

17 C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is not authorized to collect and receive new subscribers in the State of Ohio. Our agent is now by H. M. Lowe and M. Meeker.

17 P. S. G. Stanton and I. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

17 S. R. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

17 W. A. Patrick, for Pennsylvania, except the city of Philadelphia.

17 Allyson Sallade, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

17 L. Tompkins for the State of Mississippi. Persons who may be wanted upon by the above gentlemen, and please liquidate their accounts as soon as they call.

Local Agents.

17 J. S. Mollatine, Esq. of Maysville, Ky. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Gentleman's Magazine, to carefully conducted him.

17 W. S. Mason, is agent for the Post and Magazine at Fayetteville, N. C. Subscribers at said place will call on him for their papers and magazines.

17 D. A. Bulkley, of Jacksonville, Ill. is agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine at that place, to whom he will pay the money for subscriptions.

We cordially recommend him.

17 J. Dunn, Jr. of New York, is duly authorized to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

17 A Father's Grave," and "Nathan's Vocal," short stories, by the author of "Mistake," in the Post. They are brief, but have considerable merit. We will send the two accompanying them, to which he signified a wish to have this a regular contract, and Nathan's Vocal" made consolidation. We speak thus, thereby for the sake of our correspondent, and that we may not lose a much needed aid for good.

17 Parker's two articles have been received. He will see that Graham's Magazine for "Nathan," next week on the 1st.

17 S. is respectfully declined.

Who is the author of the following stanzas? It is one of a set of verses, commencing thus:

"Mother I love thee, dearest one,
As I have ever done,
Thy heart is in the state of night,
Thy face bright as the sun.

Also the author anticipates inquiries as to what encouragement he may extend his manuscripts as soon hence, and therefore desires us to state that he is welcome to her, as he is to the world at large.

The Young Ladies Ladies Magazine, has received the first number of our office, and the editor will avail himself of the earliest opportunity he introduced to our subscribers.

"La Vierge au Rosier" is accepted.

"Love," is on file for insertion.

Portland, Me. Received.

D. W. A. Baker, Esq., Baltimore, Md. date, dates.

A correspondent ——, whose blank term we have forgotten, has not in the office of the Saturday Evening Post. He is earnest as yet with blank terms—let him write to other houses for the Saturday Evening Post. Regard for himself compels us to declare his power.

Political Intelligence.

Twenty Days Later from the Australian Colonies.—By the ship Sheffield, Capt. Bailey, arrived last night from Boston Ayres. Thence she sailed on the 1st of January, for which date she brings London papers, "British Packet" and "La Gazette Mercantile."

The Queen's speech was delivered on the 16th of January. Lavalle and La Madrid were engaging in C.B. back upon the Provinces of the Interior, and the former was in full retreat. Rosas was strong, besides being daily abandoned by their powers. The Confederate army was on there per-sued and had reached the Rio Colorado, on the north bank of which they had taken up a position to dispute the passage. Rosas had declared that he would be entirely defeated before they were overtaken.

General Rosa has been made Grand Marshal of the Confederation, and Gen. Urquiza has been appointed Commander in Chief.

The Texan Government has negotiated a loan in Paris, through the agency of its minister, General Hamilton.

The Cumberland army was on there per-sued and had reached the Rio Colorado, on the north bank of which they had taken up a position to dispute the passage. Rosas had declared that he would be entirely defeated before they were overtaken.

The Lost Mails.—The mails which were lost on the Ontario, have been recovered from an island in Lake Ontario, on which they had been cast.

Small Bills.—The Legislature of Indiana has authorized the Bank of Utica to issue small bills to the amount of $100,000.

The Texan Government has negotiated a loan in Paris, through the agency of its minister, General Hamilton.

Union Bank of Maryland.—Hugh W. Evans, Esq., resigned from the Presidency of this institution.

The Postage in Michigan received last year amounted to $72,000.

Failure of Merchants' Bank at Canton, N. Y. has suspended.

General News.

Boss Robbery.—On Tuesday night week some boldfaced rascal entered the store of Dyas, Palmer & Co., jewellers, in Boston, by means of false keys, and robbed it of every valuable article they could find on both front counters and on the square of show cases. Diamonds, pins, silver tea sets, rich plated set, 145 gold and silver watches, 500 to 800 ounces silver spoons and forks, with an immense lot of valuable rings, breastpins, ornaments, spectacles, gold thimbles, and jewellery of various kind. It is one of the most daring, and successful robbery that has occurred in Boston for many years. The amount of property which cannot be much less than $20,000. The property is suspected to have been placed on board an English vessel which sailed the same night. A reverend robber was dragged had upon her.

Melancholy.—Information has been received in this city of the death of Reynolds and Mosher, at Baltimore, who recently found on the Gulf shore, near Galveston. He left Boston in the brig Isaac Mosher, of New Orleans, which it is supposed was lost at sea, and all hands perished.

Magnetic Shocks.—Dr. Collyer is giving magnetic shocks among the public pictures. A few of them fashionable assemblies in Broadway, the Doctor has been accompanied by a beautiful young lady to speak French like a Parisian, although, where awake, her conversation in that tongue is by no means elegant.

Fatal Accident at New Orleans.—A man drowned like a sailor, aged about 30 years, whose name is unknown, was run over by the cars at the depot on the Pontchartrain Railroad, near the Lake, and died in about fifteen minutes after. His body was much mangled, and a hand and a hand and were cut off.

Fruits of Intemperance.—An Irish woman, living on the canal at Buffalo, N. Y., fell in the fire a few days since, and burned herself so badly that she died. Her husband, who seems to have been no better than herself, kicked her out of doors, and being in a "dark condition," she got out of sight to entirely.

Steamer Sunk.—The steamboat Alexander Porter, was sunk on the 16th inst. at the mouth of the Ohio, in consequence of a leak. She was loaded with 80 bales of cotton and 170 hogsheads of sugar. The baggage of the passengers, and furniture of the boat were saved.

Serious Accident.—Mr. Simeon A. Douglass was severely, if not fatally, wounded in the head, at Buffalo, on the 15th inst. by a fall of bricks from the front of a house. A man was on the roof, shovelling snow down, and accidentally loosened the brick.

A Terrible Fall.—In New York, on Wednesday, a man working in a new building in Cedar street, fell through a tiling door, from the third story to the lower floor, and was instantly killed. He was also badly injured. He is one supposed to be a Spaniard.

Last Trotter.—Mr. Sarah Kinnicut and Miss Ellen Ann Christopher, were arrested to Baltimore on Wednesday evening for their living. Some of the stolen goods were found at their residence. The indictment is for stealing.

Another Suicide.—Peter Hesson committed suicide on the 5th inst. at New Orleans, by blowing his brains out with a pistol. No cause is conjectured for the act.

More Motive Power.—A model ship, propelled by an air pump, is now exhibited in New York, and to send to work well.

The Late Freshet.—The southern papers are full of accounts accounts of the damages sustained in the late freshet.

Another Duel.—Burton is related at the time with a set of desperadoes of unequalled boldness and dexterity. In addition to other robberies already reported, we have now to record another, committed in the dwelling house of Mr. Berthon of Andrews, a relative of the Methodist Church, in three field street. Between 7 and 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening, while Mr. Andrews, his wife and daughter were attending a lecture directly opposite his residence, his house was entered, three had from cellar to garret, and a small trunk, which was locked up in a larger one and placed under a bed in the chamber, was taken. It contained *four hundred dollars* in gold and silver, which the robbers carried off at their leisure. This case Mr. Andrews had lost by as a crystal to be thrown on an issue of sickness or other pressing wants. The trunk contained the money was found next morning in an alley in the rear of a carpenter's shop, but the *rascals* was missing. No clue as yet has been lost to the burglars, and Mr. Andrews asserts that no one but himself knew the fact that he had in his possession the respective sums.

From Mexico.—By the sole Emblem, at New Orleans, with late news from Mexico, we learn that the Federal party in the North of Mexico is annihilated. Various is mentioned, signed—the leading Mexican journals evening the inability of the Central party to re-conquer that portion of their *no-liman* territory.

The candidates for the next Presidential term, on the Democratic side in Mexico, are Generals Santa Ana. Those men, says the Picayune, severally build their hopes of success upon the ground that they are the conquerors of the world, and behalf, by offering to recognize her independence, both parties having made arrangements for overtures to that effect—thus placing Texas in a position to rule *the decisions of Mexico.*

Destructive Fire and Loss of Life.—A dreadful fire broke out in Mexico, on the 22d ult. about morning last, which destroyed eight fine stores, and several build-ings in the rear of them, among which were the Observer and Bulletin newspaper offices. A woman and two children perished in the flames, and a Mr. Holdsworth accidentally fell through a hatchway in the third story, and was so much injured that he survived but a few minutes. At the time of the breaking out of the fire, the thermometer was below zero.

The Effects of Rum.—In New York on Wednesday, a drunken fellow ran against a girl in Chatham street, and knocked her down and into the street. At that moment a cart came along with considerable velocity, and before it could be stopped one of the wheels ran over her, breaking the leg and otherwise injuring her severely. The girl was carried home, the drunken fellow left in a bed of the watch house.

From Texas.—News via New Orleans, from Galveston to the 4th inst. state that everything is quiet on the frontiers. No fear of an outbreak by Mexico.

Captain Hall, master of the Texas brig, was killed lately at San Antonio, in an affray with a Mexican.

The 21st of March was celebrated in great style at Houston.

From Florida.—Dates to the 16th inst. state that 58 Indians came in a few days before, at Fort Fanning, and declared for emigration. They have been sent to Tampa, and will meet others on the other side of the Suwanee, deliberating. The droguons under Capt. Carr had surprised and captured a party of 19 Indians and negroes, headed by Coacoochee.

A Bold Rascal.—A villain, named Becket, at Little Rock, Ark., on the 25th inst., knocked down a Mr. Dye, and robbed him, and then crossing the river, assaulted the ferryman. He was arrested, when his broke loose, fired a gun at the officer, and ran. He was caught, however, soon being lynched, by the indignant spectators.

Melancholy Accident.—Lieut. Hill, U. S. A. with 70 recruits for service in Florida, arrived on the 16th at Savannah in the Sea Gull, from Baltimore. Two soldiers and one woman had permission to go on the steamboat, and while on the way from the cars to the vessel, the woman fell into the canal and was drowned. The husband of the woman jumped in after her, and was also drowned. The bodies were recovered.

New Jerusalem.—A foreign paper says that the sect, having re-claimed their end (in the year 1787) have again fixed on the 19th day of June for the final consummation. They are seriously thinking of setting up, as printing, a Christian kingdom at Jerusalem—a project which would be worthy of the days of Solomon.

Destructive Fire.—The public house of E. A. Beach's tavern, at the village of Gilbertsville, in Otsego county, was burned to the ground, on Friday night. The barn, stable adjoining, with nine horses, two cows, and other property were consumed.

A Windy Storm.—A Boston paper states that a violent storm raged up by a hurricane in the canton of Ut, one day last month, and carried through the air a space of over a hundred feet. The storm lasted some days after, with all her bones broken.

Fire and almost Loss of Life.—A destructive fire occurred at Augusta, Geo. on the 22d inst. last. Eight buildings were destroyed. A fireman named Goodwin fell from the roof of the Kennebec Hotel, and was severely injured.

Burned to Death.—Mr. John C. Frear, a baker, was burned to death a few days since in his workshop, in Chatham, Union Co., N. J. From the effects of his clothes taking fire from the flame of some alcohol he was using at his business.

Destructive Fire.—The well known mahogany lumber yard of Messrs. Benjamin S. & H. Carter, in Washington, Miss., was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday last, together with a large portion of the machinery of the steam mill attached to the yard. The loss estimated at $16,000.

Hotel Burned Down.—A frame dwelling house situated on the railroad, between Trenton and New Brunswick, was burned down on the 16th inst. Prince Ton, was entirely consumed by fire on Sunday last, about twelve o'clock.

Drowned.—On the 15th inst. two men, named Samuel Cummings, of Bucksport, and Peter J. Westerfield, of Hackleboro, were washed overboard from the brig Ann Hazeltine, Capt. D. Logan, and drowned, near South's Island.

Mysterious Disappearance.—Great excitement exists in Kensington, N. H., in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of a beautiful young lady, a spectacle citizen, and a State Senator. He has been missing five weeks.

Burned to Death.—On Friday, the 5th, a cabin at North Stonington, in which two young men were asleep, was burned down, and nothing was left to tell of their fate but the charred remains of their bones.

Homicide.—On the 6th inst., in the neighborhood of Raymond, in Mississippi, a man by the name of Brunson was killed by his brother-in-law, a youth of 15 or 16 years of age, at the house of the former.

The Canal at Rochester, N. Y.—Will be opened in a few days, and the enlargement will probably be completed early in May.

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Painful Affair.—It is supposed that Mr. George Johnson, formerly a merchant in Alexandria, and lately appointed navy agent at Pensacola, and his wife, have been murdered by the Indians.

Steamboat Lost.—The steamboat Homer, one of the largest on the western waters sunk on the 16th, in the Mississippi, about ten miles below Cape Girardeau. She was from New Orleans, and had a valuable cargo.

Fatal Accident.—A pump-well, in Alexandria, suddenly caved in during the heavy rain on Friday night, and buried a negro man named Ned. He was passing the spot, fell in, and was instantly killed.

The Punishment of Death, the Portsmouth Journal says, is virtually abolished in New Hampshire by the unanimous vote of the Legislature, in a late session.

Fires and Mail.—The complaint continues loud, and from all parts of the country, that the mail arrives at its destination in a most fitful and irregular manner. A gain of ten per cent in $1,052,75 on the Delaware, and for city use at the rate of $1,000,000 per annum, leaving a clear saving of $6,75 by their small stocks. Saratoga Flour is held at $5 50 per bbl and Corn Meal are steady, with sales.

Grain.—Good Wheat is in moderate request, and the sales are fully equal to the receipts. Prices are steady, with sales of red and white at 90 cts. Corn—Sales of Southern flat corn at 41 cts. at the same of white. Sales of Western Oats at 38 cts. closed.

Provisions.—The market continues sensitive and prices are very nearly ready for the turn.

Whiskey.—Ohio and Rock Island have not varied in price, and the sales are fully equal to the receipts of the week. Sales of Western at 24 cts. 4 mos. Better in demand. Sales of Western at 24 cts. 4 mos. Better in demand. Sales of Western at 24 cts. 4 mos. Better in demand

THE OLIO.

Variety is the spice of life.
That gives it all its flavor.

An Hour of Reverie.

Air.—"The Charming Woman."

So young Vavvas is going to marry,
What a number of hearts he will break!
Too capital match for your money,
And chock-full of love for his sake.
O good luck it's a poor quite unknown,
Let the grateful say all that they will;
For we know she's a charming woman,
And he's a most elegant man!

Yes, indeed he's a most elegant fellow,
But I'm told he's a desperate flirt,
And I'm rather afraid for his lady,
That her feelings will sometimes be hurt.
If requiring he never must marry,
With every fresh beauty he sees,
But these stars they say so much admired,
They're a right to be just as they please.

Yes, indeed, he's an elegant fellow,
And he's got much beautiful hair!
So long, so straight, and so glossy—
Quite a lover of a head, I declare.
It quite covers his ears and his collar,
And can't find no partners to strike!
For you know dear these elegant fellows
Wear their hair just so long as they like.

His coat fits as if glued to his shoulders,
And is cut with such exquisite skill,
But then he's a beautiful figure,
And he has such a very small waist!
Though they say that the last is produced
By wearing those hell-lacing wives
And so he his clothes, I am certain,
That he'll pay for them one of these days.

He has such a sweet pair of a moustachio,
That suit with such exquisite grace,
But the waist is, 'twixt them and his whiskers,
You can't see a bit of the face.
In the crop he never has been,
(Which, gentlemen is we well as it is)
But then, that same pair of moustachios
Make people believe that he may;

He has several bachelor courses,
So handsome, so gay, and so funny,
Whom he cannot well cut when he marries,
For I'm told that he owns them all money.
Oh! girls, my dear girls be advised,
And you'll never repent of the plan,
However hard up for an offer,
Never marry an elegant man.

MAHOMEDAN RELIGION.—The Mahomedan religion derives its name from Mahomed of Mecca, who originally was a mere idol worshipper, a pagan soldier. He had many enemies even in his native place, from whence he fled in 622 to Arabia. His followers compute their time from this era, which in Arabic is called *Hegira*, or the Flight.

AN AGED NUN.—A Madrid paper mentions that a nun died lately in the Franciscan convent at Alhacetin, at the age of one hundred and nine. She was born in 1731, during the reign of Philip V. She entered the convent at the age of fourteen, made her profession at fifteen, and consequently had worn the garb ninety-two years.

ART ANSWER.—A young apprentice in the shoe-making business, lately asked his master what answer he should make to the oft repeated question, "Does your master warrant his shoes?" "Answer, Yes," says the master, "tell them that I warrant them to prove good, and if they don't that I will make them good for nothing."

A BULL.—An Irishman, going into a shoe store, inquired if the shoe-maker would make him a new pair of brogues? The shoe-maker asked, "have you brought your measure?" Pat hastily rising up, replied, "oh, faith, I've left it home," and went out of the door.

SMITH'S REPARTEE.—Mr. Smith, "used a gentleman across the table, "you look like a conservative."

"Certainly, sir," was the reply, "my crotchets remind me that I am no member of the movement party."

PAPERS AND PERIODICALS.—Dr. Franklin said, "When I see a house well furnished with books and periodicals, I have confidence that the proprietor will educate children; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant, if not profligate.

GOOD ADVICE.—For a woman to look on knowledge, grace, and accomplishment only as baits with which to entice a husband, and not as precious in themselves, is like shooting game with diamonds, or flinging surprises at fools.

ACUTE.—Well, John, which do you think was right?" "Why, master, I think the bald headed gentleman was wrong?" "Why do you think so, John?" "Because, master, he lost his temper, and showed t'other people was right."

IRISH BULL.—A harebrain Irishman was eating an apple pie with some quinces in it:—"arrah dear honey," said he, "if a few of these quinces give such flavor, how would an apple pie taste made of all quinces?"

AFFECTIONATE.—"My dear you are not the woman I took you to be."

"But, my dear, you see the man I took you to be," (we nurse that child this minute or I'll——

DIDDY'S WIT.—Diddy fell down the other slippery morning. As he sat on the ground he muttered, "I have no desire to see the city burnt down, but certainly wish the streets were laid in ashes.

A NEW DRILLING MACHINE.—A Yankee has invented a new drilling machine. It is said it will not only drill iron, rocks and wood, but it is also useful in drilling refractory companies!

AFFECTIONATE.—Dick, what are you doing there?" "Learning the lesson assigned the definite lignocous cylinder."—What?" "Sucking cider out of this barrel."

ADVISING CHILDREN.—Do not give your children too much advice. You may water the young seed with such a stream of words as to wash it quite away.

VOCALISTATION.—A lady of modern refinement advertises instruction in "vocalization." We are at a loss to know whether she teaches singing or scolding!

CONFINEMENT.—A merchant who lately advertised for a clerk "who could bear confinement," was answered by one who had been seven years in jail!

TABLE CUTLERY.—A hardware merchant in New Orleans advertises as table cutlery, *soup, tureens, ices, ketchups, hammers, and chopping-knives.*

DOUBLE EYES!—A "down-east" sleeper has invented a new system of book-keeping by double entry. He now charges every thing he sells *double.*

REMEDY FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.—The LONDON LANCET offers a new remedy for tooth-ache, which is to boil the head and shake the house out.

RETORT.—Where is that blockhead of mine?" said a fop, when calling for a servant. "On your shoulders," raised a wit in the corner.

TRUTH.—The difference between a poet man and a politician is, that the one was himself, but in his pocket book or money drawer.

GENIUS STRIKING SPARKS.—"Fo, what is a spirit-stirring speech?" "Observations made while preparing one's toddy, my child."

IDLENESS.—Among the Chinese there are seven grounds of divorce, of which the fourth is idleness in women.

EXCELLENT.—What is the difference between a brewer and a flea? The one *puts up* the yeast and the other *yeasts up.*

A GOOD CHOICE.—What is a pound of butter like an Irish family? When it is made into fit, fit pots.

IMPORTANT.—By the Lafayette Chronicle we see that John Smith's sister is married.

The Cavalier of Seville.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

There was once in Seville a gay young cavalier, Don Manuel de Manara by name, who, having come to a great estate by the death of his father, gave the reins to his passions, and plunged into all kinds of dissipation. Don Juan, for whom he seemed to have taken for a model, he became famous for his enterprises among the fair sex, and was the constant theme of scandal and wonder throughout with more than usual strictness. All in vain. No intrigue was too high for his aspirings; no belle too fair for his attacks; no husband too alert to take alarm. Still the name of that early marriage that had consigned him to the tomb. But success went, if possible, beyond, and only served to make him more alluring. The gentle and bashful were led astray in the shade of the orange grove, while the haughty and prudish were taken by storm. Even the nuns of the convent were not safe from his adventurous gallantry, and he is said to have once actually scaled the walls of a convent, and carried off one of the fairest of its inhabitants.

Such was the character of Don Manuel de Manara at the time when, in the midst of his career of dissipation, he was struck down by disease, and lay for many days on the borders of the grave. His confessor was constantly at his bedside, and had full opportunity to work upon his feelings. He painted in vivid colors the vanity of worldly pleasures, and the terrors of the world to come. The ceremony proceeded: the crown of flowers was taken from her head; she was shorn of her profuse tresses, which fell in long clusters upon the floor; her jewels and rich dress were taken off, and were put on her by the attendants of the convent, who, pleading his passion in the most eloquent and seductive terms. How successful they were is only matter of conjecture; certain it is, he undertook one night to scale the garden wall of the convent, either to carry off the nun, or gain admission to her cell. Just as he was attempting the wall he was suddenly plucked back, and a stranger muffled in a cloak, stood before him.

"Rash man, forbear!" cried he; "is it not enough to have violated all human ties?—Wouldst thou steal a hride from Heaven?"

The servant of Don Manuel had been drawn on the instant, and, furious at this interruption, he passed it through the body of the stranger, who fell to the ground as fled. Hearing approaching footsteps he fled the fatal spot, and mounting his horse which was at hand, retreated to his estate in the country at no great distance from Seville. Here he remained throughout the next day, full of horror and remorse; dreading lest he should be known as the murderer of the deceased, and fearing each moment the arrival of the officers of justice.

"The day passed, however, without molestation; and, as the evening advanced, awoke and longer to endure this state of uncertainty and apprehension, he ventured back to Seville. Irresistibly his footsteps took the direction of the convent; but he paused and hovered at a distance from the scene of blood. Several persons were gathered round the place, one of whom was busy noting down particulars for a report to the police. Don Manuel drew near, and found the corpse of the stranger lying in the street. The latter addressed him with hesitation.

"Senor," said he, "may I ask the reason of yonder throng?"

"A cavalier," replied the other, "has been murdered."

"Murdered!" echoed Don Manuel; "and can you tell me who was the murderer?"

"Don Manuel de Manara," replied the stranger, and passed on.

Don Manuel was startled at this mention of his own name, especially when applied to the murdered man. He ventured, when it was entirely deserted, to approach the fatal spot. A small cross had been nailed against the wall, as is customary in Spain, to mark the place where a murder has been committed; and just below it he read, by the twinkling light of a lamp, "Here was murdered Don Manuel de Manara. Pray to God, for his soul!"

Still more confounded and perplexed by this inscription, he wandered about the street until the night was far advanced, and all was still and silent. As he entered the principal square, the light of torches suddenly broke on him, and he beheld a grand funeral procession moving across it. There was a great train of priests, and many persons of dignified appearance, in ancient Spanish dresses attending as mourners, some of whom he knew. Accosting a servant who followed in the rear of the train, bearing lights, he asked the name of the deceased.

"Don Manuel de Manara," was the reply; and it went cold to his heart. He looked, and beheld himself in effigy, arrayed in the habit of a cavalier of the order of Calatrava, and laid out in state, as is customary on the occasion of the death of a knight of that order. The bier was deposited before the high altar; the funeral service was commenced and the grand organ began to peal through the vaulted aisles.

Again the youth ventured to question the awful pageant. "Father," said he, with trembling voice, to one of the priests, "who is this you are about to inter?"

"Don Manuel de Manara!" replied the priest.

"Father," cried Don Manuel, impatiently, "you are deceived. This is some imposture. Know that Don Manuel de Manara is alive and well, and now stands before you. I am Don Manuel de Manara.

"Avaunt, rash youth!" cried the priest; "know that Don Manuel de Manara is dead!—is dead!—is dead!—and we are all souls from purgatory, his deceased relatives and ancestors, and others that have been called up summon him to their society.

Don Manuel cast around a fearful glance upon the assemblage, in antiquated Spanish garbs, and recognised in their pale and ghastly countenances the portraits of many an ancestor that hung in the family picture gallery. He new lost all self-command, rushed up to the bier, and beheld the counterpart of himself, laid out in state, with all the insignia of knighthood. Just at that moment the whole choir burst forth with a "*Requiescat in pace*," that shook the vaults of the cathedral. Don Manuel made another effort at the portal, but was found there early the next morning by the sacristan, and conveyed to his home.—When sufficiently recovered he sent for a friar, and made a full confession of his sins, and was pardoned.

"My son," said the friar, "all this is a miracle and a mystery, intended for thy conversion and salvation. The spirit then lent soon was it taken that thou hadst died to sin and the world: take warning by it, and henceforth live in righteousness and Heaven!"

Don Manuel did take warning by it. Guided by the counsels of the worthy friar, he disposed of all his temporal affairs; dedicated the greater part of his wealth to pious uses, especially to the

From the Knickerbocker.

Company of nuns the cook in purgatory; and finally, entering a convent, became one of the most zealous and exemplary monks in Seville.

From Bulwer's Night and Morning.

The Voyage of Life.

"In a miserable garret or garret, a sensitive, yet young, and stricken by a lingering malady, contracted by the labor of his occupation, sits an old father, with the last relic of Don Juan's vision of intolerable, the curse of Cain is everlastingly at work. Now this man had married young, and his wife had been fair, and it was the curse of that early marriage that had consumed him to the host. But extreme want, if long resisted, could only have ended in suffering, else to end. And when people are very long dying, the people they feel and trouble begin to think about it, often hypocritical symptoms of pecies called "a happy release." So the worn out and half-famished with did not care three straws for the dying husband, whom a year or two ago she had sworn to love and cherish in sickness and in health. But still she seemed to care, for she moaned, and pined, and wept as the man's breath grew fainter and fainter.

"Ah, Jem!" said she sobbing, "what will become of me, a poor lone widow, with nobody to look to but myself?" And with that, thought she took on worse than before.

"I am stifling," said the dying man, rolling round his glassy eyes. "How hot it is! Open the window; I should like to see the light—my light once again."

"Mis' dare,' what shiens he hae, poor man?" muttered the woman without stirring.

The poor wretch put his shaking hand out and clutched his wife's arm.

"I don't trouble you long, Marie! Air—air!"

"Jean, you will make yourself worse; besides, it will make you cough. I have scarce a rag on, but I will just open the door."

"Pardon me," groaned the sufferer; "leave me in peace."

Poor fellow! perhaps at that moment the thought of unkindness was sharper than the sharp pangs of death. Perhaps at that moment memory, like a knife, was driven to her seat him, but he did not blame her. Again I say, poor fellow!

The woman opened the door, and went to the other side of the room, and sat down on an old box and began darning an old handkerchief—The silence was soon broken by the moans of the dying man, and the wife, with her work in her hand, and piped by the measures which had been taken to defeat him. Never had the object of his parsh opposed by so lovely and desirable an object as death. Youth is so commanding, the wail is so suddenly plucked back, and a stranger muffled in a cloak, stood before him.

"Rash man, forbear!" cried he; "is it not enough to have violated all human ties?—Wouldst thou steal a bride from Heaven?"

"Jean; my poor Jean! said the woman, and the words and the voice took hurt her hardening heart to the last fond folds about the thoughts of the past time. And she walked up to the bed, and he leaned his temples, damp with livid dews upon her breast.

"I have been a sad burden to you, Marie; we should not have married so soon; but I thought we were happy. Don't cry: we have no little ones, thank God. It will be much better for you when I am gone." And so word after word passed out; he stopped suddenly, and seemed to fall asleep.

The wife then attempted to lay him once more on his pillow—the head fell back heavily—the jaw had dropped—and the glassy eyes were open and like stone—the truth broke on her! "Jean—Jean! My God, he is dead! and I was unkind to him at the last!" With these words she fell upon the corpse, happily herself insensible.'

Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

He sat upon the ass's colt and rode
Toward Jerusalem. Beside him walked
Crowds: and before him went a multitude.
And on before him went a multitude,
Spreading their garments cheerily in the way.
The palm-tree's feathery branches waved on high,
Tame as its patient dam: and as the song
Of "Welcome to the son of David," burst
Forth from the lips of infants, the old men
Of the waiting branches touched its ribbon-ears,
It turned its wild eye for a moment back,
And then subsided by an inviolate hand,
Meekly to draw and walk in consciousness first.

The dew's last sparkle from the grass and gone
As he rode up Mount Olive. The words
Of prayer their mouths uttered distinctly to the ear,
And the light foal with quick and bounding step,
And head bent low, kept up its unbickered way
Till on soft sward was lefted to the wind
Point o'er the summit from Jordan. As he reached
The summit's heavenward glory, and the chord
His veins beat yet—their stood Jerusalem!
Directly he beat forward, and beneath
His mantle's passive folds, a bolder line
Than the wont sightliness of his perfect limbs
Betrayed the swelling fullness of his heart.
There stood Jerusalem! How fair she looked.
The silver sun on all her pinnacles,
And her fair daughters and the golden spires
Waving their tassel fringes; and Kedron's stream
Lacing the meadows with its silver bend
And wreathing its mist and mantle on the sky
With the dew-cool freshness of morn. There she stood,
Jerusalem, the city of his love.
Chosen from the earth to show forth praise,
That knew him not, and had rejected him
Jerusalem, for whom he came to die!

The streets extended from a thousand tops
At the fair sight: the children leaped and sang
Lender lessons, the old sat up to look,
With color from the trampled outer leaves—
But "Enter now!" "Jerusalem!" sprang new
His Master's tone, and closer he has rode
Into the train his coming kindled to a shout.
The Saviour leaned with heavenly tenderness,
And mourned, "How oft, Jerusalem! would I
Have gathered you, as gathereth a hen
Her brood beneath her wings—but ye would not."
The thought met of her slighted love, and tears
Came welling to his eyes, and over his head
Unmarked—he forgot all but the last!
His only foil that for her sake his life
Was vainly given, and in her perjured love.
The sufferings that would clothe the heavens in black
Were quite forgotten

Was there ever love,
In earth or heaven, equal unto this?

Spiders' Web.

There is one class of spiders, industrious, hard-working ectopodes, who, out of the sweat of their brains, (I take it, by the by, that a spider sweats) have a fine etymological development make their own webs and catch their own flies. There is another class of spiders who have no stuff in them whatever, and who, in fact, are the mere roughings at interest, looking out for food provided by the toil of their neighbors. Whenever they come to the web of a smaller spider, whose larder seems well supplied, they rush upon the domain—pursue him to his hole—eat him up if they can—reject him if he is too tough for their jaws—and quietly possess themselves of all the legs and wings they find dangling in his meshes: these spiders I call economics—the world swarms with them.

Going the Rounds.

Sam Slick says, if you ever want to read a man, do the simple, and he thinks he has a soft horn to deal with; and, while he s'poses he is playin' you off, you are pumpin' the feller into him without his sensin' it. Now if you put on the knowin' it puts him on his guard directly and he fights as shy as a crane. Talkin' coats looks bearish, but talkin' soul looks sappy. Nothing will make a feller back up a wrong tree like that.

A Fair and Happy Husband.

In a country girl, that is so fat from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is quite fat all together, and that is her husband. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator in good virtue; therefore, minds it not. All her thoughts are upon her husband, even as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The loving of her appeared, which is herself, is the better part of herself, and that is her husband. She is ravaged in the spoils of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a fair better wearing. She is not, with lying hours in bed, spoil her complexion and condition; nature hath taught her that, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with chamberlain, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In nothing's coy, and straining the texts through her fingers, it seems that an sweet a milk-pressmakes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never more charmed gloves, or aromatic ointment on her palms to infect it. The golden ears of corn fall and lean to the first sickle that reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new hay-field. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting by her fire, out-works, and an appropriate place for their exercise only by one's own fireside. There is a sacredness in those walls that girdle in a husband's safety and of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to intrude it, is neither more nor less than a fool and beast, and grows rightly by the side of the debasement of morals in a countenance, than the disposition to tolerate in any mode the uses that investigate the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested, where he may indulge a confidence that is not likely to be abused.

Jubilee.

If a parent read these pages let him pause and think well on the characters of his children; let him set it once down in his mind for the one on whose pureness and whose temper lead to a struggle with the world. That some world is a tough traveller, and has a hide that will turn off the first burns out. Then at one time we have learning—at another swingeism—now suicide is in vogue—now poisoning trades people in apple-dumplings—now blue ruin is the rage—now pale knives—now common soldiers shoot at their sergeants. Almost every year there is one crime predominant, to which the rest are subsidiary. Some are so steam, that she dare tell them: only a Polly's dream it is all her confessed for the sea conceals for fear of anger. Time lives she; and all her care is, she may die in the spring time, to have store of flowers each upon her winding sheet.

A Canoeing Thief.

Jack, by the coastsailer entrapp'd,
Was thrown in the brig's lee;
But weale ide coop keepers napp'd,
He stole—guess what—he stole easy

Mutual Difference between Men and Women.

The difference between men and women in the sense is probably just sufficient to make them divide the duties of life beneficially. It may be a good reason for not exacting from women the same mental exertions as from men, but a very bad one for not fully cultivating the powers that they have. Nature has given a good deal of fanciful theory upon this subject. Sometimes it has been pretended the whole difference between the minds of the two sexes was the consequence of education; as if to teach them and to learn were the same thing. Sometimes it has been considered that though there was a natural difference, it was only dissimilarity, the main being just as deficient in some respects as the female is in others: and that she ought not on that account to be held inferior. Rousseau maintained that the mind of man was distinguished by the just proportion of genius, of which the mind of woman was absolutely destitute in every degree. Johnson thought that there was natural want of proportion in woman's ideas. An eminent man, lately dead, tried the capacities of his daughters to ascertain the fact, and came to the conclusion that the minds of the two were equal, except in the article of memory. Many other fanciful views might be enumerated were it worth the trouble. The simple truth seems to be, that the minds of the females of the sexes is the same, except that there is less general vigor in those of women.—*Women's Rights and Duties, just published.*

Whistling Sticks.

Walking-sticks were first introduced into fashion by the effeminate Henry the Second of France, but did not become a requisite appendage to the gentleman till the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, at which time they were formed with an indented head, in order to afford a more easy pressure of the side by the fingers supported. Ingenuity, which in maintets of fashion is for ever on the alert, now crowned it with the addition of the round ivory ball, which by hollowing out a tained nutmeg or ginger, to warm the stomach of the valetudinarian, and sometimes sugar candy for the astlimatical, it soon after grew into propriety, universal use among the less ton of society, the vanity was exclusively appropriated to its reception; and the secreting of two friends was invariably marked after the fashion of the hearer. There stood Jerusalem! How fair she looked. The silver sun on all her pinnacles, And her fair daughters and the golden spires Waving their tassel fringes; and Kedron's stream Lacing the meadows with its silver bend And wreathing its mist and mantle on the sky With the dew-cool freshness of morn. There she stood, Jerusalem, the city of his love. Chosen from the earth to show forth praise, That knew him not, and had rejected him Jerusalem, for whom he came to die!

The Question Settled.

The following conversation is said to have taken place between two coachmen on the street:

Jar.—Well, Sam, wot you think oh dis great electhum fraud?

Sam.—Why, who—wich—what you ask me dat for, yer circumlocuting nigger? You know as well as I do dat good deal "ponds" upon de "scrippery" do speculation in "Jar."

Jar.—Dat's wot I t'inks. Dem matters "ponds" altogedder upon "tingencies; and it's my sincere, flictated 'pinnon dat de hole 'fair's a systematic gloneralbuzzum."

Sam.—Cha! nigger, you can't trow yer wimiliar organs so farder into a grin stone dan dats! Talks 'bout "pinnon" and "buzzum," as if you fellers jis like mice in a cheese, when dey grub out all de inside, dey got to fightin' about de shell.

Jar.—Dem's de 'sputable 'pinnons, Sam.

Origin of Hissing.

The first hiss of a modern kind on record was practised by a wag in the reign of Queen Anne. He was sitting one night in the pit, when a dressed man rode down the king's road from Fulham, at a most furious rate, commanding such turnpike to be thrown open, as he was a messenger, and bearing news of the queen's sudden death. The alarm instantly spread into every quarter of the city; the trained bands, who were on their guard, mustered from their armories; lord chief justice, and returned home with their arms reversed. The shopkeepers began to collect their stalls; when the jest was discovered—not the author of it."

Turkish Musical Genius.

A modern traveller informs us that the band of an English Ambassador at Constantinople once performed a concert for the entertainment of the Sultan and his court. At the conclusion he was asked, what part of the opera he preferred. He replied, the first, which was accordingly recommenced, but stopped, as not being the right one. Others were tried with as little success, until at length he was asked, whether he liked *it* or *them*? A forte air, began tuning their instruments, when his highness instantly exclaimed, "*Imbecile!* hearen be praised, that is it."

Woman's Courage.

A woman's courage is always the courage of the mind—the highest description of valor of which the sensitive is made. Man's courage is sometimes of instead of deterring it, and where man grew nervous, they simply become more cool. The value of man's sword dependent on brute force, and where this fails, courage in an undecided mind rarely survives its loss.

Excellent.

A Tennessee paper tells of a chap at Holly Springs, who was so astonished at seeing a lady bringing music from her piano, that after listening for a few minutes in silent amazement, he rose and hollored after his companion, "I say, Jem! Just come back here. Darnation seize me, if here aint a woman pullin music out of a chune!"

Recipe—Guinea for Guinea to an Old Farce.

The following is the most fashionable song now in vogue among the Western emigrants:

"You'll see us on our wedding way.
Lone, how we'll make our tortures play.
To get as far as Iowa."

Brute's Foresight.

When Brown had returned from his travels and published his book, his mother-in-law remarked, "One gentleman who talked upon his at his house in Scotland, took the liberty to divide a feather, to show the structure; the Abyssinians really use a nation cut from a living creature. "Sir," said he to the traveller, "it is impossible." Brown proposed to demonstrate the possibility of such a thing. The stranger waited while his host went out for the proof.

The insulted traveller soon returned with a fair and dead sheep on a plate. The wool excited the raw flesh, but his astonishment was not a little lessened, when one traveller told him that the animal had eaten that side of the grass, without cutting or confinement, or then and there fight. In such an alternative the poor fellow hesitated, but reflecting after a little time to think: and so fully compelled him to eat the perishing food. "Now," said the traveller, "I hope you are satisfied that Abyssinians may have a teeth for what you eat and yourself." It is proper to remark that the whole of Brown's narrative has been confirmed by later travellers.

Physiology.

We learn from the Edinburgh Quarterly Review, that Chantrey, the celebrated English sculptor, is an inveterate angler—trout catching is his favorite amusement. When Madame Malibran first visited the great sculptor in his studio, she addressed him, from her fresh feeling and good heart, with "How happy you must be in the possession of such beautiful creations!" To which he with equal sincerity, though a little to her surprise, replied, "I'd rather be a fishing!"

The Satisfaction Rewarded.

By the side of the Mississippi, Middle York, in Pa. I've wandered, my fairest, from time
To see whatever is curious, is true,
The image reformed I see;

Marzepotta! Marzepotta! Marzepotta!
Thou whimper love's welcome to me.

Marzepotta!

With the pomegranate, blossom, and myrtle,
The orange the fig covers shelt'er,
There shalt twine thee, my love, round thy kirtle,
They're pure, and sweetin fragrance like thee!

Marzepotta! Marzepotta! Marzepotta!
Thou whisper love's welcome to me.

Marzepotta!

The spring wanderer's soft sense, while thrilling
Their message to every heart,
Make wild sweet; but they whispers thrilling,
In golden accord love's harmony.

Marzepotta! Marzepotta! Marzepotta!
Thus murmur love's welcome to me.

Marzepotta!

How are gone for thy beauty's adorning,
To head round thy rich flowing hair,
But they face is the star of the morning,
More bright than those gilts, and more rare,

Marzepotta! Marzepotta! Marzepotta!
Thus shone out in welcome to me.

Marzepotta!

Lady's Department.

Music.

When we see how much genius has been poured into modern music, that maids full of power, and heroic in its sensibility, have invested its melodies and the harmonies which delight us, how can it be otherwise than that this art should assist, unconsciously, the springs of an immoral influence? Its influences are, for the most part, healthful and invigorating. The tone, the natural tendency of music, as of poetry, is to soften and refine. Who would not rather expect to meet with gentleness, urbanity, kindness and affection, a certain general air of refinement and elegance, among the lovers and disciples of music, than the opposite traits of coarseness, rudeness, incivility, and cruelty? The world has ever been of this opinion, and facts show it to be well founded. The characteristic cruelty of the inhabitants of Cyzicus, was attributed, by the Greek writers, to their neglect and contempt of music. And a learned historian of that people, went so far as to believe that the cultivation of music would have power to counteract the effects of a harsh and wintry climate upon the character. Had the Romans been lovers of music, had it been a national taste, is it possible their early traits of barbarism should have clung to them as they did, even to the last? Would a people with music in their souls have delighted in the savage spectacle of the circus, in the cruelty of the arena, and the destruction of captives and malefactors, by wild beasts? In modern times, we have the well-attested fact, that the genius of an innocent air bears to the moral power of music, of the hired assassins, sent in pursuit of the unfortunate Sir Sidney, rushed to tears, and changed to very woman in their purpose, by the moving strains of one of their victims. And do we not notice effects in ourselves, upon our own dispositions and affections, wrought by the accents of this art of sin, which render perfectly credible every account that has reached us of its almost miraculous influence? Who so callous, that he is proof against the melting pathos of many of the ancient ballads? Who can hear the touching melody of "Auld Robin Gray," from the lips of one whose every glow with sensibility, and who can throw that sensibility into the voice, and not resolve himself a very child, to be moulded at will, by the power of the sweet sound? The effects of music through the national airs of different countries are not less astonishing. The exile of disinterland, never hears, without tears, the sad song of his native valley; and no potent has been its spell upon her soldiery when engaged in foreign service, filling their minds with sweet images of home, that it has been found necessary to forbid the singing of it, under the severest penalties. The stanzis of Paris have been found to have the same effect upon the part of her songs of freedom. What Frenchman, whose patriotism during the "three days," did not leap to the barricades, roused by the spirit-stirring notes of the sacred hymn of the Marseillaise? Even here, in this land of political safety, and seclusion, and peace, whose pulse beats not quicker at the sound of the "Star Spangled Banner," which speak of some, and daughters, and wives, and sisters, and mothers, and sweethearts, and brothers, and friends, and which speak upon the sense of freedom to the heart, and to the tongue? Let the metaphysician ascribe as much of this power as he may to the principles of association, and the closure of vertex of enough will be left to prove the residence of an immense moral power, a beautiful and a sacred power, in the art we love.—*The Musical Reporter.*

Cookery.

The Greeks still retain the worst feature of the social tyranny of the Turks. Women are kept in the strictest seclusion, and debarred all male society, except that of their nearest relations.—Even in the tender affairs of love, they cannot act without restraint. Marriage is nothing more than a bargain, arranged between the bridegroom and the parents of the wife. The wishes or feelings of a young girl are rarely consulted, and she is obliged to give her hand to one whom she perhaps has never seen. Instead of a courtship, the first time she sees the man she is to marry is during the compassion of her husband, she becomes his slave. The little society that exists in Greece, is entirely confined to the male portion of the sexes: and I cannot but think that the rough and harsh manners that prevail, would be softened and refined by the social charms of women. The Greek ladies of the higher classes are not wanting in personal attractions, and their quick and brilliant imaginations would serve as a foil to the greatest somewhat dull and lethargic temperament of society in Greece. But a visible improvement is now taking place. Society begins to open its portals to her sex; the Greeks are becoming more manly, and imbues it with all the elegance and purity. A few Greek ladies now venture into social intercourse, and as time and European influences weaken existing prejudices, the number will increase. The Russic school of Mr. Hill at Athens, will have a happy effect in this point of view. The return of so many young girls to their families, with their mental graces heightened by musical accomplishments, will materially affect the tone of society, and must, in the end, should similar schools be established, restore woman to her legitimate supremacy.

Love.

There is a powerfulness in quiet Anne.
A constant dropping of the still rain drop,
As if the leaf should break with misery,
Is more than storms that smite the sheet full hopes.
Her quiet is necessary pale, nigh wan.
And through the transparency there is no luck:
You feel as if the under lie dreamed in there
Not in the sun of this existence, all clear and pure
Serene to be gay, and stirring, mean none sad.
Here is no grief, but almost sickness!
You would be startled if you saw her glad.
And startled if you saw her weep, so true
Her smiles through life are to the feeling face,
She decorously glides to cheerful to weep.

Female Influence.

That influence of the fair sex which indeems in some virtuous, reasonable, and well governed how, has peculiar characteristics, and springs from the most amiable dominion traits. Arising from a perception—by both the gentle presence of the soul, by reason and the imagination—of that which is lovely, this great passion centres in itself every virtuous sentiment, and strikes its roots deep into the sympathies, the affections and the tastes. It can brook, as we understand, delay and disappointment, coldness, reserve, every thing but disdain, or a consciousness that it has been unskillfully placed. Indeed, we are told, it cannot be plucked rudely, by from the heart, by any cause, or even gradual displeasure, and hence we understand a man having a sensitive mind bruised and wounded. It embraces esteem, respect, admiration, awe, devotedness, and gratitude. Its influence is not confined to the imagination or taste. It can touch the heart, and by its gentle energies, and all the higher principles of action, theologies unknown or inert powers, gives strength and energy of character, amplifies the affections and the intellect, and renders the whole much to greater aims and greater exertions.

Nothing that may advance his suit, or tend to render him worthy of the object of his love, is burdensome for one who is subject to this master passion. Every nerve is strained to approximate as much as possible to the purity and excellence to which he does homage in her.

In former ages, we are told, young gentlemen signalized the smiles of the fair by feats of skill and valor in the tournament and on the field. In this day, though the lover has no such romantic method of exhibiting his devotion, he is ready, no doubt, for such efforts in the more distant of the world, as require for greater exercise of the honorable virtues, and quite as much of hardiness, as the most gallant deed of arms. Studious to please her lady's grieve or ringlet on his corpse, and she flings to mental combat any who may question her perfections. Her name is the constant watchword in his heart, and is ready, with equal courage and enthusiasm, to encounter whatever may befall, and give the life for her if necessary.

The passion, of course, displays itself differently in different persons. In some, if it have reason to suppose itself unrequited, it becomes timorous, or carry it hides itself in its own depths, and rarely shrouds upon its object. This love would seem to be the strongest, and is certainly the most generous, for it is ready to bury itself rather than give pain to her who excites it. In others, it absolutely persecutes the lady, and is remarkable for its pertinacity if for nothing else.

Don Shoot.

Our attention has been directed of late been attracted by the cautious contained in the Eastern papers, against a practice very prevalent among boys, called by them Don Shoot. It is the wet and cold bullets, of tissue paper, which are discharged by the use of this shoot. Consequences of the most agonizing diseases long to an early grave immense numbers of accomplished and elegant women and which, in numberless instances may be traced to colds, which have their origin in wearing thin shoes and light clothing during the winter months. We hope our fair readers will be cautious how they expose themselves to the colds, which are followed by following the counsel and advice of those whose observations and experience have led them and give the benefit of their knowledge to others. Real effects and consequences that are produced by a want of proper attention to warmth and comfort in dress, and which are frequently the cause of death.

Dr. Hall's Journal of Health says that the most appropriate remedy for the many painful diseases to which the female sex are subject, is to be found in the greater portion of their time in warm rooms; by them the change of temperature is much more sensibly felt, than it is by those who are constantly exposed to the open air. Those who are interested may find a more particularly applicable to those who are confined to sedentary employments, and habits compel them to be more frequently in the open air.

How frequently do we see a tender mother and an affectionate father, called to mourn over the death of a beautiful and accomplished daughter, who, when in the bloom of youth and health, was merry, happy childhood, and merging into the full perfection of womanhood, alas! has fallen an victim to the fell destroyer, consumption, after changing her ordinary comfortable and seasonable clothing, for the gay and flimsy dress of the fashionable ball-room.

Farmers' Department.

Fruit Trees.

It is now time for our farmers, who have not already attended to it, to set out fruit trees. We have thought that they were too negligent upon this subject, and we longed to awaken their attention to the prosperity of beginning through all the eleventh hour in the good work of doing something for their prosperity; and to this end we have devoted a few columns to the subject.

The Genesee Farmer is prepared to furnish, at the following prices, trees of the best kinds, and of the most approved varieties, which may be relied on as being true to the name. Apple trees, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each; three years old, 37½ cents each. Pear trees, one year old, 25 cents each; two years old, 37½ cents each; three years old, 50 cents each. Peach trees, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each. Cherry trees, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each. Plum trees, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each. Quince trees, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each. Grape vines, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each. Currant bushes, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each. Gooseberry bushes, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each. Raspberry bushes, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each. Strawberry plants, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each. Asparagus roots, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each. Rhubarb roots, one year old, 12½ cents each; two years old, 25 cents each.

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